THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa

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BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

JOHN ZIMMERLY,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

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E. J. Kelso & Co.

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Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Austin

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Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors [illegible] of State street, Erie.

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Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

REMOVED.
Laird & Rust have removed their Store to No. 1, "Wright's Block," where they will be happy to see their old customer, and all who may favor them with a call.
Erie, April 19 46

Select Poetry.

SPRING.

BY G. V. MARKHAM.

Like a maiden scattering flowers,
Comes the gentle spring again,
Singing sweetly on her way
O'er the hill and o'er the plain.

Softly from the hooded skies
Falls the vivifying rain,
Calling forth the tender shoot
From the germinating grain;

And up with the cheerful lark,
Through the forests old and gray,
Strolls the merry lads and maids
Hunting for the flowers of May.

Round and round, and darting off,
Goes the bee upon her flight,
Gathering nectar from the flowers,
From the roses red and white;

And the swallow wild with song,
'Neath the barn's protecting eaves
Builds her lowly summer nest,
Weaving straw and withered leaves.

Like a leaf of beaten gold
Tremlous to the breathing air,
Lies the ruddy clover field,
Yielding odors rich and rare;

And like flakes of crimson snow,
Sporting with the wanton breeze,
Float the blossoms newly blown
From the blooming apple trees.

Glittering o'er the silver sand
Sings the merry water brook,
Charming all the listening fields
And the lonely forest nook;

Gently on its chrystal wave
Falls the shadow of the fawn,
As she comes to quench her thirst
At the daylight's golden dawn!

Welcome, welcome, gentle Spring!
Welcome to the weary heart,
For the joy that in thee dwells,
For the hope thou dost impart!

Boston Post.

Choice Miscellany.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BODGER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SCENE THE FIRST.

In the year 1832, on the twenty-fourth of December, *one of those clear bright days that sometimes supercede* the regular snow, sleety, Christmas weather, a large ship lay off Plymouth; the Blue Peter flying from her mast-head, quarters of beef hanging from her mizzen-booms, and strings of cabbages from her stern rails; her decks crowded with coarsely-clad blue-nosed passengers, and lumbered with boxes, barrels, hen-coops, spars, and chain-cables. The wind was piping with a hollow, dreary sound. Boats were hurrying to and fro, between the vessel and the beach, where stood excited groups of old people and young children. The hoarse impatient voices of officers issuing their commands, were mingled with the shrill wailing of women on the deck and the shore.

It was the *emigrant ship*, "Cassandra," bound for Australia during the period of the "Bounty" system, when emigration recruiters, stimulated by patriotism and a handsome per centage, rushed frantically up and down the country, earnestly entreating "healthy married couples" and single souls of either sex, to accept a free passage to "a land of plenty." The English laborers had not then discovered that Australia was a country where masters were many and servants scarce. In spite of poverty and poor-house fare, few of the Johnny Bull family could be induced to give heed to flaming placards *they could not read, or inspiring harangues they could* not understand. The admirable education which in 1832, at intervals of seven days, was distributed in homœopathic *doses among the agricultural olive branches of Eng*land, did not include modren geography, even when reading and writing were imparted. If a stray Sunday school scholar did acquire a faint notion of the locality of Canaan, he was never permitted to travel as far as the British Colonies.

To the ploughman out of employ, Canaan, Canada, and Australia, were all *"furrin parts;"* he did not know the way to them; but he knew the way to the poor-house, so he took care to keep within reach of it.

Thus it came to pass that the charterers of the good ship "Cassandra," were grievously out in their calculations; and failing to fill with English, were obliged to make up their complement with Irish; who, having nothing to *fall upon*, but the charity of the poor to the poorer, are always ready to go anywhere for a daily meal.

The steamers from Cork had transferred their ragged, weeping, laughing, fighting cargoes; the last stray groups of English had been collected from the western countries, the government officers had cleared and passed the ship. With the afternoon tide two hundred helpless, ignorant, destitute souls were to bid farewell to their native land.

The delays consequent on miscalculating the emigrating tastes of England, had retarded until mid-winter, a voyage which should have been commenced in autumn.

In one of the shore boats, sat a portly man—evidently neither an emigrant nor a sailor—wrapped in a great coat and comforters; his broad brimmed beaver secured from the freezing blast, by a colored bandanna tied under the chin of a fat whiskerless face. This portly personage was Mr. Joseph Lobbit, proprietor of "The Shop;" farmer, miller, and chairman of the vestry of the rich rural parish of Duxmoor.

At Duxmoor, the chief estate was in chancery, the manor house in ruins, the lord of it an outlaw, and the other landed proprietors absentees, or in debt; a curate preached, buried, married, and baptized, for the health of the rector compelled him to pass the summer in Switzerland, and the winter in Italy; so Mr. Lobbit was almost the greatest, as he was certainly the richest man in the parish.

Except that he did not care for any one but himself, and did not respect any one who had not plenty of money, he was not a bad sort of man. He had a jolly, hearty way of talking and shaking hands, and slapping people on the back; and, until you began to count money with him, he seemed a very pleasant, liberal fellow. He was fond of money, but more fond of importance, and therefore worked as zealously at parish-business, as he did at his own farm, shop and mill. He centered the whole powers of the vestry in his own person, and would have been beadle, too, if it had been possible. He appointed the master and matron of the workhouse, who were relations of his wife; supplied all the rations and clothing for "the house;" and fixed the prices, in full vestry (*viz: himself, and the clerk, his cousin,*) assembled. He settled all the questions of out-of-door relief, and tried hard, more than once, to settle the rate of wages, too.

Ill-natured people did say, that those who would not work on Master Lobbit's farm, at *his* wages, stood a very bad chance if they wanted any thing from the parish, or came for the doles of blankets, coals, bread, and linsey woolsey petticoats, which under the provisions of the tables in Duxmoor church, are distributed every Christmas. Of course, Mr. Lobbit supplied these gifts, as chief shopkeeper, and dispensed them, as vestry and perpetual church-warden. Lobbit gave capital dinners; plenty smoked on his board, and pipes of negro-head, with jorums of gin punch followed, without stint.

The two attorneys dined with him—and were glad to come, for he had always money to lend, on good security, and his gin was unexceptionable. So did two or three bull-frog farmers, very rich and very ignorant. The doctor and curate came occasionally; they were poor, and in his debt at "The Shop," therefore bound to laugh at his jokes—which were not so bad, for he was no fool—so that, altogether, Mr. Lobbit had reason to believe himself a very popular man.

But there was—where is there not?—a black drop in his overflowing cup of prosperity.

He had a son whom he intended to make a gentleman; whom he hoped to see married to some lady of good family, installed in the Manor House of Duxmoor, (if it should be sold cheap, at the end of the Chancery suit,) and established as the squire of the parish.—Robert Lobbit had no taste for learning, and a strong taste for drinking, which his father's customers did their best to encourage. Old Lobbit was decent in his private habits; but, as he made money wherever he could to advantage, he was always *surrounded by a levee of scamps* of all degrees—some agents and assistants, some borrowers, and would-be borrowers. Young Lobbit found it easier to follow the *example of his father's companions* than to follow his father's advice. He was as selfish and as greedy as his father, without being so agreeable or hospitable. In the school-room he was a dunce, in the playground a tyrant and bully; no one liked him; but, as he had plenty of money, many courted him.

As a last resource, his father sent him to Oxford; whence, after a short residence, he was expelled. He arrived home drunk, and in debt; without having lost one bad habit, or made one respectable friend. From that period he lived a sot, a village rake, the king of the taproom, and the *patron of a crowd of blackguards;* who drank his beer and his health; hated him for his insolence, and cheated him of his money.

Yet Joseph Lobbit loved his son, and tried not to believe the stories good-natured friends told of him.

Another trouble fell upon the prosperous church-warden. On the north side of the parish, just outside the boundaries of Duxmoor Manor, there had been, in the time of the great Civil Wars, a large number of small freehold farmers; each with from forty to five acres of land; the smaller, fathers had divided amongst their progeny; the larger had descended to oldest sons by force of primogeniture. Joseph Lobbit's father had been one of these small freeholders. A right of pasture on an adjacent common was attached to *these little freeholders*; so, with geese and sheep, and a cow or so, even the poorest proprietor, with the assistance of harvest work, *managed to make a living, up to the time* of the last war. War prices made land valuable, and the common was enclosed; though a share went to the little freeholders, and sons and daughters were hired, at good wages while the enclosure was going on, the loss of the pasture for the stock, and the fall of prices at the peace, sealed their fate. John Lobbit, our portly friend's father succeeded to his little estate, of twenty acres, by the death of his elder brother, in time of best war prices, after he had passed some years as a shopman in a great seaport. His first use of it was to sell it, and set up a shop in Duxmoor, to the great scandal of his farmer neighbors. When John slept with his fathers, Joseph having succeeded to the shop and savings, began to buy land and lend money. *Between shop* credit to the five-acred, and mortgages to the forty-acred men, with a little luck in the way of the useful sons of the freeholders being constantly enlisted *for soldiers, impressed for sailors,* or convicted for poaching offences, in the course of years, Joseph Lobbit became possessed, not only of his paternal freehold, but acre by acre, of all his neighbor's holdings, to the extent of something like five hundred acres. The original owners vanished; the stout and young departed, and were seen no more; the old and decrepit were received and hudly housed in the *work-house.* Of course it could not have been part of Mr. Lobbit's bargain to find them board and lodging for the rest of their days at the parish expense. A few are said to have drank themselves to death; but this is improbable, or the cider in that part of the country is extremely sour, so that it is more likely they died of cholic.

There was, however, *in the very centre* of the cluster of freeholds which the parochial dignitary had so successfully acquired, a small barren lot of five acres, with a right of road through the rest of the property. The possessor of this was a sturdy fellow, John Bodger by name, who was neither to be coaxed nor bullied into parting with his patrimony.

John Bodger was an only son, a smart little fellow, a capital thatcher, a good hand at cob house building—in fact, a handy man. Unfortunately, he was as fond of pleasure as his betters. He sang a comic song, till people's eyes ran *over*, and they rolled on their seats; he handled a stick very tidily; and, among the light weights, was not to be despised as a wrestler. He always knew where a hare was to be found; and when the fox hounds were out, to hear his view-halloo, did your heart good. These tasts were expensive; so that when he came into his property, although he worked with tolerable industry and earned good wages, for that part of the country, he never had a shilling to the fore, as the Irish say. If he had been a prudent man, he might have laid by something very snug, and defied Mr. Lobbit to the end of his days.

It would take too long to tell all Joseph Lobbit's ingenious devices—after plain, plump offers—to buy Bodger's acres had been *refused.* John Bodger declined a loan to buy a cart and horse; he refused to take credit for a new hat, umbrella, and waistcoat, after losing his money at Bidecot Fair. *He* went on steadily slaving at his bit of land, doing all the best thatching and building jobs in the neighborhood, and enjoying himself without getting into any scrapes; until Mr. Joseph Lobbit, completely foiled, began to look on John Bodger as a personal enemy.

Just when John and his neighbors were rejoicing over the defeat of the last attempt of the jolly parochial, an accident occurred which upset all John's prudent calculations. He fell in love. He might have married Dorothy Paulson, the blacksmith's daughter—an only child, with better *than two hundred pounds in the bank*, and a good business—a virtuous, good girl, too, except that she was as thin as a hurdle, with a skin like a nutmeg-grater, and rather a bad temper. But instead of that, to the surprise of every one, he went and married Carry Hutchins, the daughter of Widow Hutchins, one of the late freeholders bought out by Mr. Lobbit, who died poor old soul, the day after she was carried into the work-house, leaving Carry and her brother Tom, destitute—that is to say, destitute of goods, money, or credit, but not of common sense, good health, good looks, and the power of earning wages.

Carry was nearly a head taller than John, with a face like a ripe pear. He had to buy her wedding gown, and everything else. He bought them at Lobbit's shop.—Tom Hutchins—he was fifteen years old—a tall spry lad, accepted five shillings from his brother-in-law, hung a small bundle on his bird's-nesting stick, and set off to walk to Bristol, to be a sailor. He was never heard of again at Duxmoor.

At first all went well. John left off going to wakes and fairs, except on business; stuck to his trades; brought his garden into good order, and worked early and late, when he could spare time, at his two little fields, while his wife helped him famously. If they had had a few pounds in hand, they would have had "land and beeves."

But the first year twins came—a boy and girl; and the next a girl, and then twins again, and so on. Before Mrs. Bodger was thirty she had nine hearty, healthy children, with a fair prospect of plenty more; while John was a broken man, soured, discontented, hopeless. No longer did he stride forth eagerly to his work, after kissing mother and babies; no longer did he hurry home to put a finishing stroke to the potatoe patch, or broadcast his oat-crop; no longer did he sit whistling and telling stories of bygone feats at the fireside, while mending some wooden implement of his own, or making one for a neighbor. Languid and moody, he lounged to his task with round shoulders and *sloughing gait; spoke sel*dom—when he did, seldom kindly. His children, except the youngest, feared him, and his wife scarcely opened her lips, except to answer.

A long, hard, severe winter, and a round of typhus fever, which carried off two children, finished him.—John Bodger was beaten, and obliged to sell his bit of land. He had borrowed money on it from the lawyer; while laid up with fever, he had silently allowed his wife to run up a bill at "The Shop." When strong enough to work there was no work to be had. Lobbit saw his opportunity, and took it. John Bodger wanted to buy a cow, he wanted seed, he wanted to pay the doctor, and to give his boys clothes to enable them to go to service. He sold his land for what he thought would do all this, and leave a few pounds in hand. He attended to sign the deed and receive money; when instead of the balance of twenty five pounds he had expected, he received one pound ten shillings, and a long lawyer's bill receipted.

He did not say much, for poor countrymen don't know how to talk to lawyers, but he went home like a drunken man; and, not hearing the clatter of a horse behind him that had run away, was knocked down, run over, and picked up with his collar-bone and two ribs broken.

The next day he was delirious; in the course of a fortnight he came to his senses, lying on a workhouse bed. Before he could rise from the workhouse bed, not a stick or stone had been left to tell where the cottage of his fathers had stood for more than two hundred years, and Mr. Joseph Lobbit had obtained, in auctioneering phrase, a magnificent estate of five hundred acres within *a ring* fence.

John Bodger stood up at length a ruined, desperate, dangerous man, pale, and weak, and even humble. He said nothing; the fever seemed to have tamed every limb—every feature—except his eyes, which glittered like an adder's when Mr. Lobbit came to talk to him.—Lobbit saw it and trembled in his utmost heart, yet was ashamed of being afraid of *a pauper!*

About this time Swing fires made their appearance in the country, and the principal insurance companies re*fused to insure* farming stock, to the consternation of Mr. Lobbit; for he had lately begun to suspect that among Mr. Swing's friends he was not very popular, yet he had some thousand *pounds of corn stacks in his own yards* and those of his customers.

John Bodger, almost convalescent, was anxious to leave the poor-house, while the master, the doctor, and every official, seemed in a league to keep him there and make him comfortable, although a short time previously the feeling had been quite different. But the old Rector of Duxmoor having died at an early age of sixty-six, in spite of his care for his health, had been succeeded by a man who was not content to leave his duties to his deputies; all the parish affairs underwent a keen scrutiny, and John and his large family came under investigation. His story came out. The new rector, pitied and tried to comfort him; but his soothing words fell on *deaf ears.* The only answer he could get from John was, "A hard life while it lasts, Sir, and a pauper widow, pauper children; Parson, while this is all you can offer John Bodger, preaching to him *is* of no use."

With the wife the clergyman was more successful.—Hope and belief are planted more easily in the hearts of women than men, for adversity softens the one and hardens the other. The rector was not content with exhorting the poor, he applied to the rich Joseph Lobbit on behalf of John Bodger's family, and as the rector was not only a true christian priest, but a gentleman of good family and fortune the parochial ruler was obliged to hear and to heed.

Bland and smooth, almost pathetic, was Joseph Lobbit, he was "heartily sorry for the poor man and his large family; should be happy to offer him and his wife permanent employment on his Hill farm, as well as two of the boys *and one of the girls.*"

The eldest son and daughter, the first twins, had been for some time in respectable service. John would have nothing to do with Mr. Lobbit.

While this discussion was pending, the news of a ship at Plymouth waiting for emigrants reached Duxmoor.

The parson and the great shopkeeper were observed in a long, warm conference in the rectory garden, which ended in their shaking hands, and the rector proceeding with rapid strides to the poor-house.

The same day the lately established girls' school was set to work sewing garments of all sizes, as well as the females of the rector's family. A week afterwards, there was a stir in the village; a wagon moved slowly away, laden with father, mother, and large family, and a couple of pauper orphan girls. Yes, it was true, John and Carry Bodger were going to "Furrin parts," "to be made slaves on." The women cried, and so did the children, from imitation. The men stared. As the emigrants passed the Red Lion, there was an attempt at a cheer from two tinkers; but it was a failure; no one joined in. So staring and staring, the men stood until the wagon crept round the turn of the lane, and over the bridge, out of sight; then bidding the "wives" go home and be hanged to 'em, their lords, that had two pence, went to spend it at the Red Lion, and those who had not, went in to see the others drink, and talk over John Bodger's "bouldness," abuse Muster Lobbit quietly, so that no one in top boots should hear them—for they were poor ignorant people in Duxmoor,—they had no one to teach them, or to care for them, and after the fever, and a long hard winter, they cared little for their own flesh and blood, still less for their neighbors. So John Bodger was forgotten almost before he was out of sight.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

☞ One of the old fashioned *attorneys practising* in Indiana, insisted on arguing a case before Judge B., after it had been decided. The judge repeatedly told the unfortunate attorney that he would listen to no further argument on the case. "But, may it please your honor," says the advocate, "your honor will certainly hear an argument if your honor has decided wrong." "No," replied the judge, "if you desire to argue the case any *more*, take it to the court of errors." "May it please your honor, I don't see where in the devil I'd go to, for if this ain't a court of errors, I don't know where to find one."

☞ The following anecdote of Gov. Chittenden of Vermont, is related by a correspondent of the *Olive Branch:*

One day a man, who had some business with the Governor, arrived at his house on horseback. Seeing a roughly dressed man at work near the door, he pulled up, and called out: "I say sir, does Governor Chittenden live here?" The man nodded. "Very well, old fellow," said the rider, dismounting, "you hold my horse while I go into the house." He found Mrs. Chittenden, and stated that he had called to see the governor on very important business. "Well," replied the Governor's lady, "he is about here somewhere—I saw him a moment since." "Oh!" she added, looking out of the window, "*There's the Governor holding your horse!*"

Shifting the Responsibility.

We clip the following from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune. It is one of the last of the wag Hooper's stories, and to our thinking, one of the richest:

While attending court recently, in the adjoining county of Randolph, a friend who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as "his Honor," gave us the following, vouching for the substantial, sub-lunar existence of the parties and their present residence "in the county aforesaid."

Brethren Crump and Noel were both members of the Primitive Baptist Church, and both clever, honest men who paid their taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once christian and commendable. If, when settling day came round, brother Noel was "short," brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential, how, if brother Crump fell "behind," brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them, so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, *in regard to their respective* [illegible].

Now, it came to pass that brother Crump during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crap" of ten bales at a very fair price of 12½ cents per lb. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest a portion of the proceeds of the sale of his cotton, in a barrel of whiskey; paying therefor at a rate precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of ditto whiskey.

Of course it was "norated in the settlement," that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that brother Crump *was drinking too much*, diffused itself into the neighborhood, until as one might say it became epidemical.—People talked and talked, more especially "what few" of other denominations of Christians dwelt thereabouts.

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the "Ciety" at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to brother Crump's and found the old man in a half [illegible] in his little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked brother Crump, as soon as he was aware of the presence of his neighbor.

"Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin?"

"Y-e-s," responded Noel; "sperits is a blessin' but accordin' to my notion, its a blessin' that some of us abuse."

"Well, now, brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessin'?"

"Well, it's hard to say—but people talk—don't you think you drink too much, brother Crump?"

"It's hard to say—it's hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was a drinkin' too much—then agin, I'd think *may be not.* What is man? A weak *worm* of the dust! What the Lord saith, that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too fur in sperits. I put the *'sponsibility* on him; I prayed to him if I was drinkin' too much, to *take away my appitite for sperits.*"

"And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it! So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram went home, thinking all the way, how cleverly brother Crump had *shifted the responsibility.*

Imitating the Rich.

The practice of making the amount of other people's expenditures a standard for our own, is a very unsafe, as well as a ridiculous one; and has been the ruin of many a family. For it never happens that those who adopt this rule, look to the more discreet and economical than themselves, but only to the more vain and extravagant, or perhaps to such as possess means far more ample.

Mrs. ———, the wife of a humble mechanic, has taken for her pattern, a lady, possessing, aside from her husbands large property, a fortune in her own right. The difference in their circumstances, is ever never to have been taken into consideration by Mrs. ———; everything else is swallowed up by the ambition to equal in point of style her rich neighbor.

Never an article of dress or furniture can the latter procure, but the *former* [illegible] to be supplied with a counterpart. Never can the one be known to have in contemplation a pleasure excursion or a visit abroad, but the other is at once seized with the necessity of setting off for somewhere without delay, no matter whether she has anything in view beyond following her chosen copy.

Such folly on the part of Mrs. ———, as may well be supposed, invites the shafts of ridicule from every quarter where she is known. It chanced, recently that the rich lady, having lost her natural teeth, obtained an artificial set, an expense of a hundred dollars or thereabouts. People wondered whether her aspiring neighbor would carry her imitative propensity so far as to knock out her own sound ones, and cause their place to be supplied with minerals. She did not do that exactly—but managed the affair in this way. She insisted on being allowed a sum of money equal to the cost of the teeth, to spend for her own individual benefit, as she might choose.

Few, it is to be hoped, are so weak-minded as to go to so great extremes as this female, yet very many there are, who suffer themselves to be measurably influenced by those around, regarding matters in which it is the part of wisdom to act with perfect independence. What is there in the circumstances of Mrs. A, having a new hat, or Mrs. B a new carpet, which calls for extra expense on the part of their neighbors?

In regulating your expenditures, look to the welfare of yourself and family—not to the eyes of people whose interests is in no wise at stake. Utterly disregarding the example of others, let your style of living correspond to your condition, be it ever so humble, thus will you be certain to gain the respect of all who in turn deserve your respect; which is surely of far greater worth than the blandishments of such as only care to bask in the sunshine of munificence, and who, should adversity come on the object of their professed friendship, would fly from it, as summer birds from a northern clime at the approach of winter.

Napoleon's Mother

The mother of Napoleon was of a very pleasing exterior, and always dressed like a young person, she generally wore a muslin gown, and a crown of artificial flowers surmounted her head. Her son often complained to her on the subject of her dress, as unbecoming one of her years, and too simple to appear in court. He commissioned Mme Baccicchi to take his mother to the famous magazine of Lenormant, and there to make a provision of dresses and other things, suitable to his mother's rank and years. Madame Mere, after much persuasion, at length consented to go, but she was shocked at the enormous charges, and persisted in leaving without expending a farthing. Mme. Eliso, however, remonstrated, and ordered stuffs to the amount of a thousand crowns, compelling her mother to take them; the good lady was ill for a fortnight afterwards with grief at having spent so much money.

Minding One's own Business.

Some years ago some-body offered a reward for an individual who always minded his own business.—Whether the reward was ever claimed or not is a matter of but little consequence at present, the offer itself was a very good hit at a very general propensity on the part of a large portion to meddle with that which does not concern them, or as is generally expressed—minding every body's business but their own. There is no practice so annoying, not one which is more insulting, whether the meddlesomeness is in the form of gratuitous advice or in permanent inquisitiveness. In the first place no sensible man ever accepts of gratuitous services of any kind in his business from any but his most intimate friends, and rarely from those. In the next place, when he desires advice or assistance of others, he always knows where to apply to get the proper kind of aid or counsel he may need. Every man is presumed to be the best judge of his own business, and he certainly has the strongest motives with making himself thoroughly acquainted with it. Interest is on one side to prompt his intelligence and pecuniary risks in his undertakings; on the other to make him circumspect and cautious, and to arouse his judgment. To officiously interfere with his business is therefore an impudent assumption of better knowledge, which is seldom warranted by the facts, and *generally prompted by* inordinate self-conceit and assurance.

As rude and impertinent as is this conduct, there are still a great many who practice it, and set themselves up as censors when their endeavors should be to receive instruction. Such people know all about every thing of which they are most completely ignorant. They can judge of a man's motives, foresee his aims, estimate his means, count his gains, calculate his losses, decide upon his enterprises, and, indeed, pass what they consider an infallible judgment upon his whole conduct and course, without having reliable fact to replace their judgement upon or warrant the conclusions at which they arrive.—This proclivity to meddlesomeness, if it does not produce *mischief*, is at least a *misappl*ication of time, and attention misdirected, which, properly bestowed, might be productive of some good. There are a thousand secrets in nature yet to be *explored*, many *important* facts in science and philosophy which are yet to be investigated, a knowledge of which would enhance the reputation of the discoverer as much as it would benefit mankind.—This is a wide and profitable field open to all for the exercise of any superabundant time and talent, without being considered intrusive, and without fear of improper meddling with other people's business. Let those, therefore, who have more leisure time than they know what to do with, unless they meddle with their neighbors business, enter at once into this unexplored region, and produce something which will repay them for their pains and be of real service to mankind.—*Ledger.*

Our own Consequence.

We think of our own consequence; our talents; our attainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die. *We think of the mourners* who will gather around us, with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, and procession that will go with us to the tomb; forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable portion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs and press them forward, as if every thing else should give way to them, as if the world had no interest so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience.

Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it when we die; and the world at large will care nothing and know nothing about it. A very little circle of *friends* will be affected—as a little circle of water is agitated when a drop of rain falls into the ocean. At the centre of that small circle of friends, there will be some deep emotion, and some tears of genuine grief will be shed; at a very little distance, the emotion will be fainter and feebler, at a point but a little more remote there will be none, and soon, all the agitation there will have died away, as when the little drops of rain fall into the ocean—

The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom.—*Bryant.*

A few friends will go and bury us; and then they will turn away to their own concerns, forgetful that we are *sleeping in the grave. Affection* will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave—but the hand that reared the stone or planted the flowers will soon become unable to cut the letters deeper as they become obliterated, or to cultivate the flowers—and in a brief period the little hillock will we smoothed down; and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there.

Now "Old Mortality" will go to cut again those effaced words which told our name, and the time of our birth and of our death. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest value to any living being, nor will even momentary curiosity be excited to know who wore that hair, or whose countenance *is delineated there.*

Don't You do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositors tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

When a clique of warm *friends* want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of fortune and fame to be gained in the undertaking—don't you do it.

When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but at which you are to get at half price, *being it's you*—don't you do it.

When a young lady catches you alone, lays violent eyes upon you, expressing pop, in every glance—don't you do it.

When a horse kicks you, and you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—don't you do it.

When you are shining a very expeditiously round town in search of somebody with something over, who can assist you with a loan, and you are suddenly anticipated by somebody who wants to borrow from you—don't you do it.

☞ A Dutch widower, out west, whose better half departed on a long journey to the spirit land some twelve months ago, determined, the other day, to consult the "Rappers," and endeavor to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. These "Rappers," be it known, were not the genuine "mediums," but of a bogus kind—adventurers endeavoring to reap a harvest out of the late mysterious developments. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of "Mrs. Hauntz" manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Ish dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Yes, dearest, it is your own wife, who———"

"You lie, you tam tevil a ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine frau speak notting but Deutch, and she never said 'tearest' in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you fief!' or, 'Hauntz, you tirty shkamp!'" and the Dutchman hobbled from the room well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish frau on this earth.